

OFF PARADE.

Inter-Company Leagues in baseball and football have provided a series of very interesting games, and have been the means of keeping up the interest in sports all through the course. The games take place daily, and competition is very keen.

In addition to the games, concerts have been given by members of classes, and by the Corps School "Flares." These have been most enjoyable, and have passed many an evening very pleasantly. Among those who have helped to make them so successful are Capt. Cooper. Lieuts. Tait and Heaslip (the Scottie cider drinkers), Hewitt, and McIntyre. Sgts. Barks and Galloway also contributed, and Pte. Nicholas danced splendidly.

Sports meetings have taken place each course, too, and the events have been most keenly contested. The batmen had a very keen interest in those races for officers, in which the officers who won gave their prizes to their batmen. Such "reciprocity" is bound to have a lasting effect on the progress of the war.

At the 11th Course the Staff beat the Class at football rather easily, but were lucky to draw with the 12th Class. Lieut. Neighbour played a strong game for the Class, as did Pte. Robinson.

The football team picked from the Class and Staff of the 12th Course easily beat the team from our British friends of the other corps school in town.

UNKNOWN HEROES.

1. The man who whistled "Take me back to Blighty" in the interval between the 12th and 13th courses.

2. The officer who got up at 6.30 on Sunday morning, and did half-an-hour's physical "jerks."

THE BATMAN.

Who roused us from our snug, warm cot,
Whether we wanted to or not,
And kept the shaving-water hot?

The Batman

Who brought us in the battle news,
Gathered whilst polishing our shoes,
And o'er the story did enthuse?

The Batman.

Who draws a fat increase of pay,
For hard work of two hours a day,
And knows each town's estaminet?

The Batman.

Who lost our socks, and stole our ties,
Brought laundry bills of monstrous size,
Repeated tales that were unwise,
Filling our hearts with pain and sighs?

The Batman.

Who thinks his life is very risky,
And sometimes grows a little frisky,
By lowering the tide in our whisky?

The Batman.

Who is the king of each parade,
Where shining brass and tunic braid
Throw peacock glory in the shade?

The Batman.

Who feasts where others are not able,
On "titbits" from the officer's table,
Bearing the caterer's special label?

The Batman.

Who packs and bears the heavy kits,
Who with his comrades often sits,
And "with his mouth" kills off old Fritz?

The Batman.

The batmen are a glorious band!
They're full of wind, and minus sand,
In airs and graces they are grand,
To all tasks they can turn their hand,
And none so lucky in the land

As Batmen.

A. P. S.

